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ADVERTISING RATES.					
Space.	1 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One square.....	\$2.25	\$6.50	\$15.00	\$28.00	\$50.00
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Stranger than Fiction.

There lives in Hagerstown, Md., a wealthy planter named Hewlett. He is imbued with all the characteristic pride and chivalry of the true Southerner. Like his class, he rejoiced in the possession of extensive lands, amongst which he lived in royal splendor. Blessed with a tolerably large family, most of the members of which were girls, his contentment and peace were undisturbed until the first gun was fired.

Leaving all behind he emerged from his retirement and ranged himself with the men with whom were his sympathies both by birth and education. In the desolation and ruin which followed his homestead suffered like those of many others, and, to escape the peril of falling into the hands of the enemy, his wife and children were transferred to Richmond.

There, amidst the bustle and excitement at

pendant on the arrival and departure of troops, Emma, the eldest of his daughters, budded into womanhood. When but fifteen years of age she formed the acquaintance of a young officer named Richard Overton, and being thrown much into his company, acquired for him a deep and all-absorbing passion, which sought no forms of concealment.

The favored officer was a member of a good family, and apparently returning with interest the love of the fair young maiden, no obstacle was thrown in the way of their happiness save that which prudence dictated. When victory came to the arms of the South they intended to be united, and until then they were to see each other occasionally when he could obtain leave of absence from his regiment. Months elapsed, and correspondence, such as could be indulged in, was kept up. Then came a period of silence, followed by a vague rumor, subse-

Too proud to expose the wound which rankled in her heart, the young girl smothered her sorrow, which, while bereft her of reason, and under the semblance of external gaiety hid her suffering from tender eyes. The society which she once courted became distasteful, and as an excuse for solitude she devoted herself assiduously to the study and cultivation of literature. Not even the close of the war, and the restora-

tion to her now impoverished home weaned her from her occupation in this respect, and in the altered circumstances of the household she only seemed unperturbable.

Her active mind made war with the intricate problems of divinity, and she floundered about, hopelessly and inextricably involved in the complicated meshes of scholastic disputation.

Years had passed since the first sad trial of her life, and she was now a sadly perverted woman, and fast tending to an unbelieving and skeptical turn of mind. Gradually she saw, through the false medium through which she looked, that there was no God, no eternity, and, being creatures of blind chance, mortals had nothing to hope or fear in death. Weary of the turmoil of existence and the insecurity of

subduing things, she determined to cut the thread of life, and for this purpose she swallowed a quantity of poison, after which she placidly bid farewell to her mother and friends. She was saved from this death, however.

A short time after this she clandestinely left her home one night, and her whereabouts have never to the present day been ascertained by any of the members of her family. After visiting different portions of the South and West she finally made her way to this city, where she entered upon a course of dissipation. Beginning her career in a shameful manner, she rapidly drifted downwards, till at last she found herself a denizen of Water street.

A short time ago she was removed to Bellevue Hospital under the name of Minnie Banks, having assumed this upon her departure.

ure from her home. An investigation disclosed the fact that she was suffering from a number of complicated diseases, her principal complaint being alcoholism. She finally became worse and was unable to retain any nourishment, being mainly kept up by subcutaneous injections of morphine.

Thursday last the body of Minnie Banks lay upon a slab in the morgue and any one looking

upon the cold distorted features of the dead woman would fail to recognize a shadow of resemblance to the once beautiful Emma Hewlett.

And so this gifted and extraordinary woman has passed away from life, entirely indifferent to the slur and odium which might rest upon her family in consequence of the circumstances under which she died. Shortly before her

death she gave the above particulars of her life to one of the house surgeons of the hospital, but denied knowing of the present whereabouts of any of her family.—*N. Y. Express.*

There is a vast deal of flirting going on this season—more flirting than business. Every

morning the walks are thronged with pensive, sympathetic, tender and confidential couples loitering along the shores, or rowing over the Gibraltar to read poetry to each other in secluded, quiet nooks. After dinner, on the lawn under the maples, the fond swains swear and forswear again. After tea they are to be found lingering in the dark angles of the walls or the corners of the porches. They regale themselves with smoking and vary the monotony of their

promenades by a look into the ball room. However, as there is a traditional rule that only the gentlemen shall fall in love, no one proposes seriously, and no engagements last longer than three days; there is not much harm done—only a waste of words, and affections which are easily replaced. I may write another letter from here, because the place is so blessed interesting—so highly instructive—so suggestive. My days are so rounded—surrounded, I may say—with poet-

ry. So many rich natures; natures said to be worth from five to ten thousand dollars every blessed year, yet who toil not, neither do they spin. Perhaps it would be better for them if they did. — *Fat Contributor at Put in Bay.*

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